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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

by

Eric Saward

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Production Associate	ANJI SMITH
.....	JUNE COLLINS
Production Secretary	KATE EASTEAL
Director	CHRIS CLOUGH
Production Manager	IAN FRASER
A.F.M.	KAREN LITTLE
Production Assistant	JANE WELLESLEY
Designer	DINAH WALKER
Costume Designer	ANDREW ROSE
Make-Up Artist	SHAUNNA HARRISON
Visual Effects Designer	KEVIN MOLLOY
Technical Co-ordinator	ALAN ARBUTHNOT
Lighting Director	DON BABBAGE
Sound Supervisor	BRIAN CLARK
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music	MALCOLM CLARK
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

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"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial of a Time Lord'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MELANIE
THE VALEYARD
THE INQUISITOR
THE KEEPER
MR. POPPLEWICK
THE MASTER
SABALOM GLITZ

* * * * *

SETS:

Trial Room/Corridor
Valeyard's Tardis Console Room
Tunnel
Time Vent

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Mud Flats
Alley

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SUPOSE CAM Opening
 Titles:

REPRISE THEN:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR is slowly
being pulled down into
the mud.

THE DOCTOR: Kill me and you will
never gain my remaining regenerations!

VALEYARD: (V.O.) But you've already
signed them away.

THE DOCTOR: To J.J. Chambers, not
to you.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) For the sake
of this charade I am J.J. Chambers.
I thought you understood - you are
in a world entirely of my making.

THE DOCTOR: Then I deny your world!

1. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS
CONTROL ROOM
REDRESSED.

ON THE SCREEN WE
CAN SEE THE DOCTOR.

SOMEWHERE IN THE
ROOM IS A SEALED
ENTRANCE TO WHAT WE
SHALL LATER LEARN
IS A TIME VENT.

PULL BACK TO SHOW
THE VALEYARD. NEARBY
WE CAN SEE GLITZ
WHO APPEARS TO BE IN
A TRANCE)

VALEYARD: So you keep saying ...
but you know you haven't the strength.
I have perfected the talent for mind
control and illusion you chose to
neglect.

THE DOCTOR: Illusion is for the
theatre, not real life.

VALEYARD: It is an honoured Time
Lord cult!

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

The 'slime' hands have gone.

But THE DOCTOR has now sunk up to his waist.

(Note: the sinking process should be shown in scene one if THE DOCTOR is displayed on the Valeyard's screen).

THE DOCTOR: Not any longer. As with mind linking and levitation, it is only seriously practiced nowadays by children's entertainers and the weak minded.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) Feeble provocation, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Then here's a bit more. Do you really think the High Council is any longer in a position to ratify the so-called deal it has with you?

2. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

VALEYARD: I have an inviolable agreement.

THE DOCTOR: Rubbish! Such a covenant, could only be lodged in the matrix.

VALEYARD: That is correct - pledged signed and sealed by each and every member of the High Council. The moment you die, your unused lives will be transferred to me.

THE DOCTOR: If you really believed that, you would have killed me at the first opportunity.

VALEYARD: I wish to savour the moment of my death. After all, how many people survive successful self murder?

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR has sunk
even lower into the
mud.

THE DOCTOR: I've heard more sense
from a lobotomised speelsnape.
The truth of the matter is that you've
lost your nerve! Too many games have
been played with the matrix for you
to be able to trust either it or the
High Council.

3. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

VALEYARD: I dictated the contract myself. I know that it is inviolable!

THE DOCTOR: I'd have another look if I were you. Check the small print - and I mean the small print they inserted after the deal was struck.

VALEYARD: You will have to try harder than that, Doctor.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

THE DOCTOR: Whether you like it or not, you are the Chief prosecution witness against the High Council. When they come to court, as they certainly will, things would be much easier if you weren't around to contradict their lies. Kill me and you kill yourself. That is the only contract the High Council will ratify.

Suddenly there is a loud, electronic noise.

THE DOCTOR: What are you doing?

THE DOCTOR struggles to free himself from the mud.

From his P.O.V. we see the SHAPE of a MAN attempting to materialise.

4. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE SCREEN IS
FILLED WITH SHASH.

THE VALEYARD
FRANTICALLY FIDDLES
WITH HIS CONSOLE)

VALEYARD: (URGENTLY) What is
happening?

(HE PRODS ANOTHER
BUTTON AND A 'STILL'
IMAGE OF THE MASTER
FORMS OUT OF THE
SHASH)

I should have known. You never could
mind your own business.

TELECINE 5:

a) Ext. Mud Flats. Day.

For a moment the IMAGE
comes and goes then
slowly stabilises.

Is is the MASTER.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, no ... It would
have to be you.

MASTER: Show a little gratitude,
my dear Doctor. I am here at enormous
inconvenience to myself.

THE DOCTOR: My apologies. I'm
grateful. Now please get me, out!

The MASTER crosses
to THE DOCTOR,
grabs his hand and
starts to pull.

Slowly THE DOCTOR
oozes from the mud.

MASTER: I didn't realise illusions
could be so messy.

THE DOCTOR: Now what?

MASTER: The difficult part - concentrate

b) Ext. Narrow Alley.
Night.

A thick patch of
swirling fog.

THE DOCTOR and MASTER
step from it, THE
DOCTOR'S showing no
signs of his muddy
encounter.

THE DOCTOR: We're still in the matrix.

MASTER: It's worse than that - you're
still in the Valeyard's illusion.

THE DOCTOR: Surely you can get me
out of something so elementary.

MASTER: Not when he is sustaining it
by drawing power from the very core of
the matrix. Although I may appear to
be my usual suave, urbane self, I am
in fact using up massive amounts
of energy to sustain my presence.

THE DOCTOR: There has to be some
way out!

MASTER: (NODS) But one that you
must find alone ...

The MASTER groans
as his images
shimmers.

MASTER: I will do what I can to
help ... (cont ...)

The MASTER begins
to fade.

MASTER: (cont) But the Valeyard's
power is very strong.

Suddenly the MASTER
is gone.

THE DOCTOR: Allied with my worst
enemy against a future version
myself ...

Shakes his head
sorrowfully.

THE DOCTOR: Something has gone very
wrong.

THE DOCTOR looks
around and shudders
at the gloom and
depressive atmosphere
of the alley.

He then turns to
move off, but almost
bumps into the
rainwater barrel.

He smiles weakly
as he sidesteps it.

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERS) Careful.
(cont ...)

But his smile
fades when he notices
on the ground the wet,
grotesque footprints
of whatever was in
the barrel.

THE DOCTOR follows
the tracks with his
eyes.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Perhaps not.

He turns one hundred
and eighty degrees
only to find another
set of footprints.

THE DOCTOR: (ANGRILY) Is this the
best you can do? So much power,
yet so little imagination!

A harsh, evil
laugh is heard.

5. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS
ON THE SCREEN)

VALEYARD: So you think I lack
imagination - we shall see, Doctor.

(GLITZ CONTINUES
TO STARE BLANKLY
AHEAD)

MODEL SHOT 1:

Deep Space.

The gigantic station
emblazened against the
void of space.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

6. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MEMBERS OF THE
COURT STAND
AROUND QUIETLY
CHATTING.

IN ONE CORNER THE
INQUISITOR IS IN
EARNEST CONVERSATION
WITH A SENIOR
MEMBER OF THE COURT.

THE KEEPER AND
MELANIE ARE BEFORE
THE MATRIX SCREEN)

MELANIE: Where's the Master gone?

KEEPER: Who can tell. This is so
typical of him - a most confusing
and aggravating fellow.

MELANIE: He won't abandon the Doctor?

KEEPER: I fear that that whatever he
does will be exclusively for his own
convenience.

(THE INQUISITOR
SWEEPS IMPORTANTLY
ACROSS THE ROOM.

INQUISITOR CONSPIRATORIALLY
IN THE KEEPER'S EAR)

INQUISITOR: I've just heard that the High Council has resigned.

KEEPER: That was to be expected.

INQUISITOR: But it has thrown Gallifrey into turmoil! I tell you, Keeper, our position could become rather delicate.

KEEPER: Do they yet know of the events that have taken place here?

INQUISITOR: (SHAKES HER HEAD) Neither must they. Knowledge that the matrix has been violated could lead to civil war.

KEEPER: Worse still, it could lead to our execution!

INQUISITOR: Your execution. I'm but a humble magistrate, you are the Keeper of the Matrix.

MELANIE: Help the Doctor find the valeyard and no-one need ever know what happened here.

KEEPER: If only it were that simple, child ... (SHAKES HEAD) But I fear it is all far too late for secrets.

7. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(ON THE SCREEN,
WATCHED BY THE
VALEYARD, WE SEE
THE DOCTOR MOVING
ALONG THE SECTION
OF THE ALLEY WITH
DOORWAYS.

THE VALEYARD THEN
TURNS TO GLITZ
AND SNAPS HIS
FINGERS.

INSTANTLY GLITZ
STUMBLES OUT OF
HIS TRANCE)

VALEYARD: I thought you might like
to see this, Sabalom Glitz.

(GLITZ, CONFUSED
BUT ANGRY, LOOKS
AROUND)

GLITZ: What did you do to me?

VALEYARD: Cocooned your mind in an
illusion.

GLITZ: It was horrible!

VALEYARD: For that, you must blame
yourself. The form of mind deception
I employed extrapolated upon on your
inner most fears and fantasies.

GLITZ: Even I'm not that disgusting!

VALEYARD: Now that you've been restored to reality, the trauma will soon pass.

GLITZ: Except I don't like being humiliated!

VALEYARD: In my world you either co-operate, which you refused to do, or suffer the consequences.

GLITZ: Tacky little platitudes seem to drip from you like sweat from a speelsnape's armpit!

VALEYARD: It is the burden of being cast as a villain. Somehow restrained dialogue seems to lack sufficient tone.

GLITZ: Then maybe you need a new role.

VALEYARD: I'm sure experience will provide the necessary fine tuning.

GLITZ: Not if I have my way. As a rule, I'm usually too much of a coward to be violent...

(ADVANCES MENACINGLY
TOWARDS THE VALEYARD)

But for you, I'm gonna make the exception!

(THE VALEYARD STABS
A FINGER AT GLITZ
AND THE POOR,
UNFORTUNATE MAN IS
ENVELOPED IN A
COLUMN OF FLAME.

GLITZ SCREAMS
AND SCREAMS)

VALEYARD: Such futile gestures only
induce excessive violence.

(HE WAVES HIS HAND
AND THE FLAME
IS GONE)

More illusion, Sabalom Glitz.

(A FLABBERGASTED
GLITZ STOPS TRYING
TO SMOOTHER THE
IMAGINERY FLAMES)

GLITZ: I felt the pain and everything!

VALEYARD: Even other Time Lords
cannot resist my power.

(POINTS AT THE
DOCTOR ON THE
SCREEN)

Let me show you.

TELECINE 6:

a) Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR approaches a doorway, checks that it is empty, then moves on.

Reaching the next doorway, he repeats the procedure only this time we see, from his P.O.V. that it is empty.

As he moves on, a MAN wearing the black habit of a monk steps from what we had seen as an empty doorway, extends a gnarled HAND and prods THE DOCTOR in the back.

Startled, the TIME LORD spins round.

POPPLEWICK: Looking for something, sir?

THE DOCTOR: Mr. Poppelwell?

POPPLEWICK: Popplewick, actually, sir.

Throws back his cowl and starts to remove the gnarled coverings from his hands.

THE DOCTOR: Do you get extra for dressing up? Or is it some sort of fetish?

POPPLEWICK: I sense a certain hostility, sir.

THE DOCTOR grabs
POPPLEWICK'S ARM.

THE DOCTOR: You'll sense considerably more if you don't tell me where the Valeyard is.

POPPLEWICK: (SIGHS) Such aggression, sir. And me just a humble messenger.

THE DOCTOR: Seedle warriors used to kill messengers who brought bad news.

POPPLEWICK: Always an unruly lot, sir. But fortunately the message I bring will placate and soothe sir. Mr. Chambers has granted you an appointment.

THE DOCTOR: The Valeyard?

POPPLEWICK: The very one, sir.

THE DOCTOR releases
him.

THE DOCTOR: Then lead on.

POPPLEWICK: First we must collect a friend of yours, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Sabalom Glitz?

POPPLEWICK: No, sir. He's already with Mr. Chambers, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Will you stop calling me 'sir'.

POPPLEWICK: Of course, sir. No, sir, the young person concerned is a Miss Melanie Bush, sir.

THE DOCTOR: She's here?

POPPLEWICK: Followed you into the matrix, sir. Such a foolish thing to do.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. Where is she?

POPPLEWICK indicates a door.

POPPLEWICK: Through there, sir.

THE DOCTOR moves towards the door then pauses.

THE DOCTOR: After you.

POPPLEWICK: (SMILES) You lack trust, sir. This is no trick.

He opens the door.

POPPLEWICK: Follow me, sir.

b) Int. Circular Walkway.

Ideally as dark as possible.

Ideally the CAMERA should be TRACKING.

INTO THE SHOT steps THE DOCTOR and POPPLEWICK.

POPPLEWICK: Not much further, sir.

THE DOCTOR: What a depressing place.

POPPLEWICK: You'll find that it grows on you, sir.

A voice booms along the tunnel.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Doctor!

They halt.

THE DOCTOR: Melanie?

Echoing footsteps are heard running.

THE DOCTOR: Melanie.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Help me, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR stares into the gloom.

THE DOCTOR: (TO POPPLEWICK) What's happening?

No reply.

THE DOCTOR turns and finds that he is alone.

THE DOCTOR: Popplewick. Mr. Popplewick!

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) We must get away ...

THE DOCTOR turns and finds MELANIE behind him.

MELANIE: There's something dreadful down here.

THE DOCTOR: I know - I've just been talking to him.

THE DOCTOR retraces his footsteps.

THE DOCTOR: Come on, this way.

MELANIE: It doesn't really matter which way you go, as you always finish up where you started. This place is circular.

THE DOCTOR: I like circles - they're my favourite shape.

MELANIE: You won't like this one - it hasn't got an entrance.

THE DOCTOR: Must have. If you'd been perambulating in an annular fashion, you should have passed it.

MELANIE: I didn't though.

THE DOCTOR: (SHRUGS) Therefore you can't have been progressing in an orbital way.

MELANIE: Oh no?

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you think you were - explain.

MELANIE: I don't know.

THE DOCTOR: If you don't know, how can you know you've been cruising in a cyclical manner?

MELANIE points at a jagged scar on the wall.

MELANIE: Because I've passed that three times.

THE DOCTOR: Then you should have passed the entrance - yes?

MELANIE: No.

THE DOCTOR: No?

MELANIE: No!

THE DOCTOR: I don't understand. Why are you saying 'no'?

MELANIE: I don't know.

THE DOCTOR: You don't know why you're saying 'no'?

MELANIE: No! I mean yes, I do know why I'm saying 'no'. I'm saying 'no' because I don't know why I've passed the markings three times, and yet haven't passed the entrance!

THE DOCTOR: We're getting very long winded.

MELANIE: (WORRIED) I know. Positively orbital.

THE DOCTOR: Still doesn't explain how you managed to pass the entrance without seeing it.

MELANIE: I can only assume that it's been moved.

THE DOCTOR: As in transportation?

MELANIE: No - hidden ... disguised, maybe.

THE DOCTOR: Would seem rather pointless.

MELANIE: Not unless someone wants us to think we're not orbiting this circulation of a circumference in a peripatetic mode ...

THE DOCTOR: That was quite a mouthful.

MELANIE: What's happening?

THE DOCTOR: It's as though we're becoming obsessed by circumambulation. Added to which a degree of circumloquacious circumvolution has edged into our vocabulary.

MELANIE: Not to mention circular tautology.

THE DOCTOR: What a terrible thought, trapped like mice in an exercise wheel - forever doomed to run around and around and around and get nowhere.

MELANIE: What are we going to do?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. It's as though we're being conditioned to accept, in every respect, the world of the circle.

MELANIE: The most complete shape contained in a single line.

THE DOCTOR: Also the perfect trap.

MELANIE: No beginning. No end. Complete in itself ... let's go round one more time.

THE DOCTOR: There's no point.

MELANIE: Don't you want to escape?

MELANIE is beginning to sound a little mechanical in her delivery which has alerted THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: Of course. But rushing around in circles isn't going to get us anywhere.

MELANIE: I don't understand.

THE DOCTOR: I do.

MELANIE skips off
like a mechanical
doll.

MELANIE: Come on Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: You go on. I want to think.

MELANIE O.O.V.
with lots of
echo.

MELANIE: (O.O.V.) Help me, Doctor!
We must get away. There's something
dreadful down here etc ...

MELANIE slowly
fades as she moves
further away.

THE DOCTOR: I think this is where
I came in.

POPPLEWICK: (O.O.V.) Dear oh me,
sir, you're proving far too
clever for us.

THE DOCTOR turns and
finds POPPLEWICK
standing behind him.

POPPLEWICK: This way, sir.

They move off.

TELECINE 6: (cont)

c) Ext. Alley.
Night.

Dense, swirling fog.

THE DOCTOR and
POPPLEWICK step from
it.

POPPLEWICK: You'd better wait here,
sir. I should think Mr. Chambers
will want to have a word with you.

THE DOCTOR: You're not by any chance
that particular gentleman?

POPPLEWICK: Me, sir? Oh no, sir.

THE DOCTOR: Are you sure?

THE DOCTOR grabs at
POPPLEWICK's robe
and suddenly finds
he is holding an
empty garment.

POPPLEWICK: (V.O.) I told you,
sir - I'm just a humble servant ...
(FADING) An illusion created by
the man you seek.

THE DOCTOR lets
the robe fall to
the ground.

8. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(ON THE SCREEN WE
SEE THE DOCTOR
START TO PACE UP
AND DOWN THE ALLEY)

GLITZ: So much for mind control.

VALEYARD: Be silent! Someone must
have helped him.

GLITZ: Didn't look like it to me.

(THE VALEYARD URGENTLY
FIDDLES WITH THE
CONSOLE)

VALEYARD: There is a conspiracy
somewhere!

GLITZ: I used to think like that
until I discovered my various
failures had a lot to do with my
own incompetence.

VALEYARD: I said be silent!

GLITZ: Shouting at me won't help.

(POINTS AT THE
DOCTOR ON THE
SCREEN)

You know as well as I do you can
no longer risk killing him. So
why don't you just pack it in
and forget about it.

VALEYARD: Without The Doctor's other lives I shall die.

GLITZ: And if the High Council have renaged on the deal you're gonna do that anyway.

VALEYARD: There is still a chance.

GLITZ: Oh, yeah?

VALEYARD: Do you know what a Time Vent is?

GLITZ: No ... But I've gotta horrible feeling you're gonna tell me ...

9. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(SCENE MUCH AS BEFORE,
EXCEPT THAT THE
INQUISITOR IS PACING
UP AND DOWN)

INQUISITOR: What is going on?!

KEEPER: (QUIETLY) Please, madam.
We must maintain a certain decorum
and dignity.

INQUISITOR: Blast decorum and
dignity! We have intruders running
around the matrix causing who knows
how much havoc.

MASTER: (O.O.V.) You have a right
to be concerned, madam.

(EVERYONE IN THE
ROOM TURNS TOWARDS
THE SCREEN.

THE MASTER SMILES)

Never have I had such an attentive
audience.

KEEPER: (CONCERNED) The Valeyard
hasn't done anything irreparable
to the matrix?

MASTER: Not yet. But then he has
yet to learn that that his contract
with the High Council has been
revoked.

INQUISITOR: How did you hear that?

MASTER: From the same source as you.

KEEPER: I say, it's a bit unethical listening to another -

INQUISITOR: Be quiet, Keeper ...
(TO THE MASTER) You will also know that the contract was highly illegal. It should never have been drawn up let alone lodged in the matrix.

MASTER: You may find the Valeyard in violent disagreement with you.

KEEPER: The Laws of Time are sacrosanct. Exception can be made for no one.

MASTER: Platitudes are a poor substitute for argument, my dear Keeper, especially when the person they are aimed at has the power to destroy the universe.

INQUISITOR: He isn't capable!

MASTER: Oh, but he is. Somehow the Valeyard has managed to secrete his Tardis in the matrix.

KEEPER: Is there no end to the man's blasphemy!

MASTER: (SMILES) It appears not, my dear Keeper, as he has also materialised around a time vent.

(A REACTION FROM
THE COURT)

KEEPER: He wouldn't dare open it...
(LOSING CONVICTION) Would he?

MASTER: It's the only reason he
would park in such a dangerous
place.

MELANIE: What's he talking about?

INQUISITOR: Not now, child.

MELANIE: Please! The Doctor's in
the matrix. I would like to know
what danger he's in.

INQUISITOR: The same danger as us
all.

KEEPER: If the Valeyard opens the
vent, an irratic surge of time will
enter our stabalised continuum.
The effect will be devastating -
like mixing matter and anti-matter.

INQUISITOR: I assume the Valeyard's
demands are as before?

MASTER: I should think so.

KEEPER: Then he must have The Doctor's
lives!

MELANIE: No!

KEEPER: I have calculated that if
the vent were open for more than
seventy-two seconds, our time continuum
would be irrevocably damaged.

MELANIE: You can't sacrifice the Doctor!

INQUISITOR: Neither can we allow the Valeyard to destroy the universe.

MELANIE: But if you give into his blackmail now, he will return with even more outrageous demands.

INQUISITOR: You have a point, but one we may have to learn to live with ... (TO KEEPER) Unless we could destroy the Valeyard in his Tardis?

KEEPER: Not without the risk of accidentally opening the time vent.

MASTER: Neither could you send troops - assuming you have any.

INQUISITOR: Then we have no other choice - we must buy time by placating him.

KEEPER: Correction, madam Inquisitor - the immediate death of the Doctor would also destroy the Valeyard.

MELANIE: No!

INQUISITOR: It would also cause a great deal of time disturbance.

KEEPER: No more than fulfilling the High Council's original agreement. Surely it is better to experience a small hic-up in time than suffer another renegade Time Lord causing havoc?

INQUISITOR: Perhaps ... But to want
the Doctor's death is one thing -
to achieve it is another.

KEEPER: Perhaps the Master would
like to offer a suggestion ...

(ON THE MASTER: HE
LAUGHS HIS EVIL
LAUGH)

10. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE VALEYARD FIDDLES
WITH A SERIES OF
SWITCHES ON THE
CONSOLE.

GLITZ LOOKS WORRIED)

GLITZ: Look, you're taking this
villain stuff much too far. You
don't wanna go round opening time
vents.

VALEYARD: Are you afraid of death?

GLITZ: Of course I am!

VALEYARD: Then you know how I feel.

GLITZ: But what you're proposing's
too extreme! It isn't right that
you should knock off everyone else
because you've got the hump about
dying.

VALEYARD: When I have the power,
the right to use it becomes a
redundant issue.

GLITZ: Look, negotiate with the
Time Lords. Tell 'em what you've
got in mind.

VALEYARD: They will already know.

GLITZ: At least check! You can't
know for certain.

(SUDDENLY THE SCREEN
IS FILLED WITH SHUSH.

THE VALEYARD FIDDLES
WITH THE CONTROLS
AND WE SEE A "STILL"
PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
MASTER)

VALEYARD: I do - because that's
who told them.

(THE VALEYARD STABS
AT A BUTTON ON THE
CONSOLE)

GLITZ: You don't wanna do anything
silly.

VALEYARD: Explosive bolts primed.

GLITZ: No!

(THE VALEYARD FLICKS
A SWITCH AND THE
BOLTS SECURING THE
ENTRANCE TO THE VENT
EXPLODE)

VALEYARD: All that is necessary
now is for me to ease the door open.

(ON GLITZ: HE IS
TERRIFIED)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR stands before the "Fantasy Factory" sign, removes an old-fashioned Scout's penknife and opens the stone removing spike.

He then moves towards the door, bends down, inserts the spike into the lock, and starts to wiggle it around.

The air is filled with harsh, tense sounds.

THE DOCTOR continues to work on the lock.

Suddenly something black is pressed hard against his head.

Slowly THE DOCTOR turns and looks up into the face of the MASTER.

We then see that the black object are the index and third finger of a gloved hand pretending to be the barrel of a gun.

MASTER: The Inquisitor and Keeper want you dead.

THE DOCTOR: Why not oblige and become a local hero?

MASTER: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) It would ruin my anti-establishment image.

THE DOCTOR stands up
and pockets his knife.

MASTER: Anyway, I'm not certain their plan would work.

THE DOCTOR: Destroying me to get at the Valeyard?

MASTER: That's right. Only I think he would sense your death before the terminal effect reached him.

THE DOCTOR: I'm delighted by your concern.

MASTER: Only because your naughty future self has control of a time vent. Such impetuosity, my dear Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Which I must put to an end.

MASTER: I think you'll find that is easier said than done.

THE DOCTOR: Not if I offer him what he wants.

MASTER: I somehow knew you would be sentimental enough to say that.

THE DOCTOR: Makes a change for you to be right ... As a matter of fact interest, what did the Inquisitor offer you for my death?

MASTER: That my past misdemeanours be forgotten.

THE DOCTOR: That was a bit of an insult.

MASTER: Precisely what I thought, especially as I'm rather proud of them.

He slowly starts to fade.

(HE SLOWLY STARTS
TO FAD

MASTER: Oh, dear, running out of power. Good luck in your struggle against the Valeyard ... I fear you shall need it.

And the MASTER is gone.

THE DOCTOR: Good luck! Makes me wonder if I'm doing the right thing...
(CALLS) Valeyard! I know you can hear me.

11. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM. 3 3 3 3

(ON THE SCREEN THE
REMAINDER OF THE
SHUSH CLEARS AND
WE CAN SEE THE
DOCTOR.

THE VALEYARD IS
STANDING NEXT TO
THE TIME VENT)

THE DOCTOR: I want to make a deal
with you.

(THE VALEYARD
DOESN'T REPLY)

GLITZ: Go on, answer him!

(THE VALEYARD MOVES
TOWARDS THE CONSOLE)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR: The Master's told me
you control a time vent.

VALEYARD: (V.O.) So?

THE DOCTOR: You don't really want
to open it, not when you've won...

12. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

THE DOCTOR: My remaining lives.

VALEYARD: The Time Lords will never permit it.

TELECINE 9:

Ext. Alley. Night.

THE DOCTOR: I hear they're only too eager ... Come on, let me in so that we can talk properly.

There is a brief pause, then slowly the door to the "Fantasy Factory" creaks open.

Cautiously THE DOCTOR crosses to it.

13. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(AS BEFORE.

SUDDENLY THE SCREEN
FLICKERS INTO LIFE
AND WE SEE THE
MASTER)

MASTER: We may yet win. The Valeyard
has allowed the Doctor to enter his
Tardis.

(CONCERNED THE
INQUISITOR TURNS
TO THE KEEPER)

INQUISITOR: Is it possible for the
same body to exist in close proximity
with itself?

KEEPER: (NODS) The matrix, like
the trial room, is outside of a
time.

MELANIE: Is the Doctor all right?

MASTER: For the time being.

MELANIE: Would it be possible to
see him?

MASTER: Precisely what I had in
intended.

(THE MASTER FADES
AND WE SEE THE
DOCTOR ENTERING
THE VALEYARD'S
CONTROL ROOM)

MELANIE: Doctor!

INQUISITOR: He won't be able to
hear you, child.

14. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR STANDS
BY THE DOOR, THE
VALEYARD BY THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
TIME VENT)

THE DOCTOR: I see that you've already
blown the bolts.

VALEYARD: I am not bluffing about
the time vent.

THE DOCTOR: Then go ahead.

GLITZ: Do you think it wise to
provoke psychotic sociopaths to
extremes of violence?

THE DOCTOR: You over estimate him.
He's just a pathetic old man
frightened of dying!

VALEYARD: You lied! You never
intended to surrender your lives.

THE DOCTOR: That's right.

GLITZ: What are you saying!

THE DOCTOR: However did I develop
into such a pathetic individual?
You've allowed the High Council,
of all people, to manipulate you
from beginning to end. You even
connived in their pathetic endeavours
to cover-up the near destruction of
Earth - supposedly your favourite planet!
(cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) You've destroyed the credibility of the matrix, along with what was left of the Time Lord's reputation. And for what? - so that you may extend your miserable life!

(THE DOCTOR WALKS
PURPOSELY TOWARDS
THE VALEYARD)

VALEYARD: Keep back!

THE DOCTOR: You don't deserve to live.

(SUDDENLY THE VALEYARD
SLAMS DOWN HARD ON A
LEVER AND THE DOOR
FLIES OPEN.

BLINDING WHITE LIGHT
FLOODS INTO THE ROOM
ACCOMPANIED BY WHAT
SOUNDS LIKE A MASSIVE,
PRIMEVAL ROAR. IT'S
AS THOUGH PANDORA'S
BOX HAS BEEN OPENED.

THE ROOM VIBRATES
AND SLOWLY BEGINS
TO DISTORT.

GLITZ COWERS AGAINST
A WALL AS THE DOCTOR
STRUGGLES TO REACH
THE VALEYARD)

15. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(STUNNED, EVERYONE
IN THE ROOM IS
GATHERED AROUND
THE SCREEN WATCHING)

KEEPER: He's mad! What is he trying
to do?

16. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE ROOM HAS BECOME
MORE DISTORTED, THE
ROAR EVEN LOUDER.

THE DOCTOR REACHES
THE VALEYARD, GRABS
HIM AND PUSHES HIM
TOWARDS THE OPEN
VENT.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS,
LOCKS HIS ARMS
AROUND THE VALEYARD
AND THE CONTINUE TO
STRUGGLE.

SUDDENLY, THE DUO
ARE ON THE EDGE
OF THE VENT STILL
FIGHTING.

A MOMENT LATER THEY
HAVE FALLEN IN)

17. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(C.U. MELANIE)

MELANIE: (SCREAMS) No!

18. INT. TIME VENT.

(THE VALEYARD AND
THE DOCTOR, TWIST,
TURN AND TUMBLE AS
THEY FREEFALL)

19. INT. VALEYARD'S CONTROL ROOM.

(THE ROOM CONTINUES
TO DISTORT.

SUDDENLY THE MASTER
APPEARS ON THE
SCREEN)

MASTER: Glitz!

(THE BEMUSED MAN
SLOWLY RESPONDS)

There is very little time. You must
close the vent door!

(GLITZ STAGGERS
ACROSS TO THE
DOOR AND WITH
MUCH EFFORT
CLOSES AND SECURES
THE DOOR.

THE DISTORTION
CONTINUES TO GROW
WORSE)

GLITZ: What's happening?

MASTER: The time spillage. You
must get out at once!

GLITZ: But I'll get lost in the
matrix.

MASTER: I'll guide you. Now hurry!

20. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THERE IS MUCH RELIEF
ALL ROUND, ALTHOUGH
MELANIE IS QUIETLY
CRYING)

KEEPER: He only just closed that
door in time. A few more seconds
and - well I dread to think about
it.

INQUISITOR: The matrix must be made
secure. We cannot risk another such
occurrence.

21. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE MASTER AND
GLITZ STAGGER OUT
OF THE HIDDEN
ENTRANCE TO THE
MATRIX, CROSS TO
THE TWO CASKETS AND
SIT DOWN.

BOTH MEN ARE
EXHAUSTED)

GLITZ: It's time for me to retire.

MASTER: You've hardly begun. With
the Doctor out of the way - the
universe is ours.

(HE LAUGHS HIS EVIL
LAUGH)

GLITZ: I'll tell you what ...

(HE LIFTS THE
LID OF HIS
CASKET AND
CLIMBS IN)

You can have my half as well ...

MASTER: Thank you - I accept.

GLITZ: Good - 'cause all I wanna
do is go home.

(HE SLAMS THE LID
DOWN ON HIMSELF
AS THE MASTER
CONTINUES TO LAUGH
EVEN LOUDER)

22. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MEL APPROACHES THE
INQUISITOR AND
KEEPER)

MELANIE: I would like to be returned
to my own time and planet.

INQUISITOR: Of course, child.

MELANIE: I shall miss the Doctor
very much.

INQUISITOR: We all will ...
(PRODS THE KEEPER) Won't we, Keeper?

KEEPER: What? Oh, yes - of course.

MELANIE: Will you ever be able to
retrieve his body?

KEEPER: Shouldn't think so. Can't
risk re-opening the vent. If they
want to get out, it'll have to be
through their own ingenuity.

MELANIE: I beg your pardon.
(OVERJOYED) The Doctor is still
alive?

23. INT. TIME VENT.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE VALEYARD
FALLING AND
TUMBLING AS
BEFORE)

INQUISITOR: (V.O.) Of course, child -
they both are.

MELANIE: (V.O.) I didn't know.

KEEPER: (V.O.) Mind you, getting out
of that mess won't be easy.

MELANIE: (V.O.) I'm sure the Doctor'll
succeed - he must!

KEEPER: (V.O.) If he doesn't, the
vent will remain his prison for
eternity!

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT